

I've got these urges to taste you like you wouldn't believe by t_hens

Series: [reddie](#) [7]

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Summary:

Richie shows Eddie how much he likes his running shorts

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Author's Note:

self indulgent smut. what else?

thank you Moody for the beta <3

Though the sun was still low in the bleary LA sky, sweat was pouring from Eddie's body as he finished up the last bit of his morning run. The front door was a welcome sight as he jogged the last tiny bit of his run up the front stairs. His fingers quickly typed the pass code to the door and let himself inside. He could hear the sounds of Richie singing off key coming from the kitchen and pots and pans knocking together.

Eddie entered slowly, peeking around the corner and had to cover his mouth to not let out a loud snort.

Richie was dancing, dressed only in boxers and headphones, stirring eggs in a pan. They looked like they'd started burning about ten minutes ago, and bacon that was popping grease everywhere. It was the type of mess that would have caused him a panic attack on a normal day, but with the adrenaline from the run still coursing through his body it gave him the ability to enter the kitchen and wrap his arms around Richie and not even bother looking at the mess.

"Oh!" Richie chuckled turning around and pulling off his headphones, tossing them to the counter. He used his now free hands to pull him closer. "I didn't realize you were back already."

Eddie felt the pressure of Richie laying a kiss to the top of his head and smiled against his chest. "I didn't want to spook you, and then I got caught up in your sick dance moves."

Richie dug his fingers into Eddie's ribs as retaliation, making him twist and yell in delight.

“Okay! Okay!” and Richie relented, pulling Eddie back to him.

“I need a shower. I’m all sweaty. Why does it have to be so fucking hot in LA?” Eddie grumbled as he pressed a kiss to the base of Richie’s throat.

“It’s because you moved here. Your hot little body makes the sun feel like an ice cube.”

“God you’re dumb,” Eddie said, unable to resist pulling Richie’s mouth against his. He made a surprised noise but responded quickly, reaching down to knead Eddie’s ass.

Richie pulled away from the kiss too soon, putting his hands on Eddie’s shoulders so he could see what he was wearing. His eyes bugged behind his glasses and Eddie was alarmed for a second before realizing a tent was slowly forming in Richie’s boxers.

“Fuck. Those are my favorite shorts. God’s own gift to Richie Tozier.”

Eddie felt a blush rise from his chest to the tips of his ears but he still turned slowly, giving Richie the full view. “You really like them?” he asked in a would-be demure voice that fooled neither of them.

They could never pass up on an opportunity to fuck with each other a bit; tease and poke the buttons that would always get a reaction. There was a fire that burned for each other and they both loved feeding the flame.

“Please don’t ever put any other clothes on again.”

Eddie rolled his eyes, but he knew there was still a pleased smirk on his face as he turned towards the ensuite bathroom in their bedroom.

“Where you going?” Richie whined, a hand reaching out, though Eddie was already halfway across the room.

“Shower. You’re welcome to join me if you’d like.”

He could hear the sound of the Richie frantically moving pans off the stove and actively told himself not to care about the mess. It could always wait.

He couldn't.

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By the time Richie came into the bathroom, Eddie was already already stood under the spray of water. When he stepped inside, Richie yelped at the temperature and reached around Eddie to turn the heat up.

"Why is it so fucking cold? My balls are almost in my throat."

"Hmm," Eddie replied absentmindedly. "That's funny, they're usually in my throat."

There was a sharp intake of breath and then Richie was crowding him up against the tiled wall and kissed him greedily.

"Fuck you're so hot." Richie murmured as he broke the kiss and worked on leaving biting kisses from Eddie's jaw down to the tantalizing tan line from where his shorts usually rested.

There was a reply on the tip of Eddie's tongue, but Richie chose that moment to wrap his fingers around his cock and gave it a gentle squeeze, and all coherent thought left his brain.

Richie dropped gingerly to his knees, taking him into his mouth and sucking like Eddie was his favorite flavor. There was heat building quickly in his gut and he had to thread his fingers into Richie's hair and gave it a firm tug to pull him away before Eddie came far, far too soon.

"Why'd you make me stop?" Richie whined like a petulant child who'd been promised a treat and was now empty handed.

"I was gonna come."

"That's the point Eds."

"I want-" he stopped himself, biting his tongue and feeling his already red face burn brighter.

"What do you want Eddie?" Richie asked, licking a slow stripe up his

throbbing cock.

“I - I want -“ he pulled his fingers away from Richie’s hair and covered his face. “A rimjob,” he mumbled into his fingers.

“What was that Spaghetti Man?”

Eddie moved his fingers and scowled at him. “You’re such an asshole.”

Richie just wagged his eyebrows tauntingly, so Eddie pulled him by his hair so his neck craned to look at him. “I want you to give me a rimjob. I want you to fuck me with your tongue.”

There was some sort of pained noise that left Richie but he wasn’t given much time to ponder on it as he was turned around and Richie’s eager tongue was lapping into him with no warning.

“Oh *fuck*.” His voice cracked but he didn’t even fucking care. Richie would probably make fun of him for it later but whatever. Totally worth it.

“Yeah baby, tell me how much you like it.”

Eddie would normally scold him for being so cheesy but it was too earnest, too loving, for him to do anything but whine: “*I fucking love it. I fucking love you.*”

There was a gentle bite to the flesh of his ass, a silent ‘me too’, as Richie dove back in.

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The first time they did this was one scorching morning in early August. Eddie had woken up early to take a run. He pulled on a new pair of running shorts he’d recently purchased; the same red shorts laying in a pool on the bathroom floor that started this all.

Richie had stared bleary eyed at him until he shoved his glasses on his face and as soon as he gained his sight and took in Eddie standing at the end of the bed, he was immediately moving out of bed to bend him over the fancy storage ottoman Eddie had fallen in love with and

Richie stubbed his toes on daily.

“You showered last night right?” Richie asked as he kneeled behind him, laying gentle kisses down his spine.

“Yes,” Eddie answered shakily. “Why do yo-” His voice cut off into a gasp as Richie buried his face between Eddie’s cheeks and went to town.

It was something Eddie expected to hate. He went through a lot of therapy to come to terms with the fact that it was okay to like men, it was okay to have sex with someone of the same gender. It wasn’t dirty.

He *definitely* didn’t hate it.

The tips of his toes up to the cherry red tops of his ears were slathered in pleasure like the thick cocoa butter lotion Richie liked to rub over his tired muscles after he’d pushed himself a little too hard on a run. It was the most intense thing he’d ever experienced in his life and when Richie’s arm reached around and combined a well timed tug with a deep prod inside of him, it was over and he was coming all over himself, Richie’s hand and on the carpet.

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Time, nor repeating the experience, had dulled the intensity of it. Eddie fell apart so easily when Richie was devoting all of his energy on giving him everything he wanted. Fuck he was so good. Eddie had never known love could be a verb. That you could show someone how much you loved them without saying the words.

“Richie,” Eddie whined.

“What baby?”

God, Eddie loved his sex voice. It was low and throaty and made his whole body tingle. “I’m close,” he gasped.

“You wanna come like this?”

He pressed his lips back to Eddie's puckered rim and sucked. There was no time to even respond before he was coming all over the tiled wall.

On some level he felt Richie press a kiss to his tailbone and groan as he got to his feet. Eddie's head was still spinning but he gathered himself so he could knock Richie's fist away from where it was pumping his red and swollen cock.

"You're so fucking sexy when you take control like this," Richie chuckled. Eddie wasn't fooled though. He knew exactly what it did to Richie and he did it on purpose nine times out of ten.

"Oh yeah? Come then."

He didn't come on command, because this wasn't some cheesy rehearsed porno. It didn't take too much more, though, than a twist of his wrist and sinking his teeth into the flesh of Richie's neck.

Come covered Eddie's tummy in ropes. He dipped his finger in the mess and put it to his lips, holding eye contact with Richie as he sucked it from his finger tip. Richie let out another whine and one last burst of come fell to the floor of the shower, washing away with the now cold water.

"You're gonna kill me someday."

Eddie rolled his eyes and moved past so he could rinse off. It was freezing and they both hopped out as soon as they were deemed clean enough by Eddie's scrutinizing gaze.

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They brushed their teeth side by side, bumping elbows and digging fingers into each other's ribs. It was familiar and comfortable and Eddie let Richie tow him back into bed to take a nap before they met with Bill and Audra for a late lunch.

He sighed happily as Richie slotted his gangly body over Eddie and rubbed soft circles to the raised skin of the scar just above his heart. It was a reminder that this was real. They won and they made it out of Derry, together.

Together, just like they were meant to be.

Author's Note:

you can find this fic on [tumblr](#)